

The Mirror

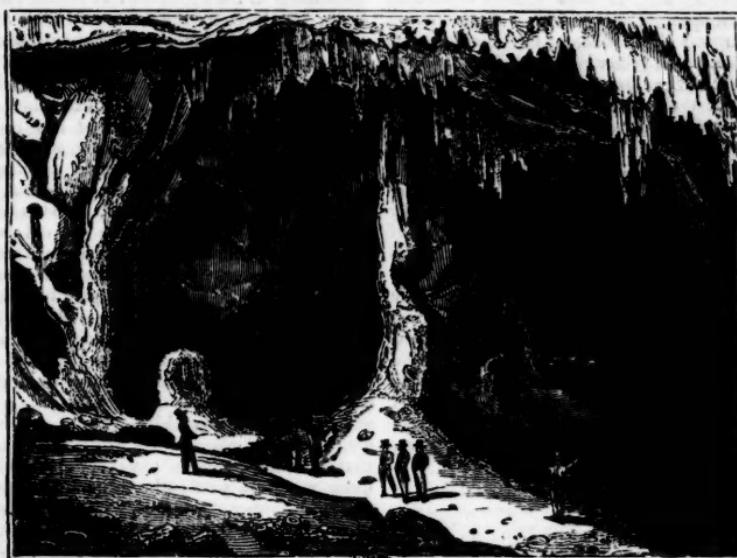
OF

LITERATURE, AMUSEMENT, AND INSTRUCTION.

No. 626.]

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ST. MICHAEL'S GROTTO, GIBRALTAR.

NATURE and art have combined to render Gibraltar one of the most interesting places in the world. Its rocky promontory rises from 1,200 to 1,400 feet above the level of the sea; its form is oblong, extending from north to south about two miles and three quarters, and the average width may be stated at 1,600 yards, or nearly a mile. The mountain may be said to be divided into two distinct portions, by the narrow, serrated ridge of rock which marks its greatest elevation. The western face, towards the Bay of Gibraltar, is the broadest; the eastern face, fronting the Mediterranean, is narrower, and, like the northern front, is characterized by rugged, inaccessible, and in places, perpendicular, cliffs of bare limestone. The western, being the broader side, has a more gradual slope and is accessible in many places. Viewed from the isthmus, which connects it with the main land of Spain, the whole of the northern face is seen; and from the Mediterranean shore or sea, it stands alone, rising in awful grandeur, like a huge spectre, above the azure waves which nearly encircle it. "Around the whole of this extraordinary, rocky fortress, not a single point is left undefended. Nature has done much to make an approach difficult anywhere, but art has rendered it one of the wonders of the world. It bristles with

cannon; even the solid rock has been burrowed, and long subterranean galleries hewn out, from whence, at a height of several hundred feet above the level of the isthmus, cannon are pointed against all directions of approach." These galleries terminate in two large halls, hewn out of the solid rock, and called St. George's Hall, and Cornwallis's Hall.

These are but a few of the excavations of art: those of nature, with which the rock abounds, are of great extent and beauty. The principal of them, called St. Michael's Grotto, is in the southern part of the mountain. Its entrance is 1,000 feet above the level of the sea, and is formed by a rapid slope of earth, which has fallen in at various periods: it leads to a spacious hall incrusted with spar, and apparently supported by a large stalactitical pillar. To this succeeds a long series of caves, of difficult access; the communicating passages of which are over precipices, which cannot be passed without the aid of ropes and scaling ladders. Several of these caves are 300 feet beneath the upper one. In these cavernous recesses, stalactites may be seen in every stage of formation; from the flimsy, quilt-like cone, suspended from the roof, to the robust trunk of a pillar, three feet in diameter, which rises from the

floor, and seems intended by nature to support the roof from which it originated.

The variety of forms which this matter takes in its different situations and directions, renders this subterranean scenery strikingly grotesque, and, in some places, beautifully picturesque. The stalactites of the caves, when near the surface of the mountain, are of a brownish yellow colour; but, in descending towards the lower caves, they lose the darkness of their colour, which is, by degrees, shaded off to a pale yellow colour. Fragments are broken off, which, when polished, appear beautifully streaked and marbled.

Stalactitical caverns are common in limestone rocks. The stalactites are formed by water filtering through the upper part or roof of the cave, and carrying with it calcareous or chalky matter, till it reaches the atmosphere, when the water evaporates and leaves the concrete substance, or stalactites, hanging from the roof; these forms having attained as great length as they can preserve, the chalky liquid continuing to flow, drops on the floor of the cave, and forms accumulations which are called stalagmites; by this never-ending process stalactites meet stalagmites, and form natural pillars.

SONG.

My mother drives me from the door,
And shuts the casement-light,
Forbids me pass the threshold o'er,
Or show myself in sight.

My father chides me if I cry,
And bids me wipe my tears;
From morn to night, I can but sigh,
Where naught but gloom appears.

My hair hangs loosely o'er my brow,
Which late in ringlets fell;
The village maids, I need allow,
Have guess'd the cause too well.

My mother, one unlucky night,
I ever shall deplore,
Saw Colin through the casement-light,
Twice kiss me at the door.

J. KINDER.

STREET ARCHITECTURE.

THE architecture of private buildings in London, is a subject which, until very lately, appears to have been considered unworthy of attention; architects and builders, although they employed great talent and skill in the erection of our churches and public edifices, seem to have thought anything suitable for the residence of a private individual. The consequence is that the metropolis presents a very strange medley of streets; some, for instance, consisting of fine, lofty houses with either stone or stucco fronts; in others, they are built solely of brick, and of all heights; while some parts of the town (Lambeth for instance,) are disgraced by wooden hovels, that appear not only dangerous to live in, but even to pass by. So great has been the neglect evinced towards private habitations,

that even the residences of our nobility and gentry, with very few exceptions, consist of plain brick edifices, with nothing to distinguish them but their size. Within the last few years, however, great improvement has been made in the appearance of private dwellings, by stuccoing the fronts of them, and in many instances adorning them with pilasters, &c. and making each row uniform in appearance with the opposite side of the street. But this (with the exception of widening the streets,) is all that has been done by way of improvement; for, we unfortunately find, that what London dwellings have gained in appearance, they have lost in stability, modern houses seldom standing more than one-third of the time that old ones did; and that although new houses are built four and five stories high, no attention whatever has been paid to the safety of the inmates in case of fire; the roofs of most of the houses being constructed in sloping form, and consequently the only means of escape is to leap out of the window, which is certainly a very dangerous one!

The improvements which I would suggest are, in the first place, to use less wood in the construction of houses, more particularly in those essential parts, the rafters and the stairs, the former of which might be constructed of iron, and the latter of stone. Houses built in this manner would, I know, cost nearly double the money in building; but, they would last treble the time that they do now.

Another improvement would be to pass an act of parliament, specifying the height that all new houses should be built, three or four different heights being specified in the act for the convenience of inhabitants. But every separate square of houses should be of the same height, with flat and terraced roofs; this would certainly prevent the very frequent loss of life which now occurs from fire, and would likewise be a great convenience to the inhabitants for drying their linen, &c. By raising the balustrades on the top of the house to a moderate height, and carrying the chimneys farther back, those unsightly appendages to our dwellings would be hidden; and if each house had some description of garden on its roof, the shrubs rising above the balustrade or parapet, would not only add greatly to the beauty of the town, but would relieve the fatigue which the eye experiences, when nothing is to be seen but rows of windows and dingy brick buildings.

FERNANDO.

THE CURFEW BELL.

(To the Editor.)

In your entertaining work I find the remarks of one or two Correspondents respecting the "Curfew Bell."

In vol. xix. p. 253, *Reginald* observes, that

few places retain this ancient custom; but I think, at every spot, town, or village, where once stood an abbey, monastery, or convent, (especially near the coast,) about the time, or before, or even a few centuries after, the Conqueror, this despotic law is continued, not as imperative, but by custom. *M. D.* at p. 275, and *P. Q.* at p. 307, of the same volume of *The Mirror*, state the continuance of the Curfew in certain places, named by them; and doubtless *G. C.* is right in his conjectures, respecting Sandwich being the town alluded to by *Reginald*. The bell is still rung at this place at St. Peter's the Apostle, every night at eight, for the space of six to ten minutes, excepting on the day of a funeral, when the 6th, 7th, or 8th bell is rung at seven o'clock in the morning, according to the circumstances or payment of the deceased. The tenor, or Curfew bell, weighs 15 cwt. 2 qs. 9 lbs. The steeple fell down Oct. 13, 1661; what was substituted for it I know not, for the new bells were not cast till 1779. A bell also rings here at four in the morning from Michaelmas to Christmas, which, I am informed, originated in its calling to work the weavers, who formerly dwelt here in great numbers. The following, from Boys's *History of Sandwich*, may afford some light on the subject:

"The sexton is appointed by the parishioners, and he has a salary from the parish of 40s. for tolling the tenor whenever service requires. He likewise rings the tenor bell every night at eight o'clock, unless there be a burial at the church, and again in the morning at four o'clock, from a fortnight after Michaelmas to a fortnight before Old Lady Day, except on Sundays and in the twelve days after Christmas: for which he has from the Corporation annually 3*s.* and an allowance of 6*s. 8d.* for candles and oil. Are not these a continuation of the ancient curfew and matin bell? The sexton formerly had an annual allowance of 4*s.* from the Corporation for ringing at this church 'Brandgoose' bell at one, and the 'curfu' at eight o'clock.

"The sexton also rings the 4th bell at every common assembly, by way of notice to the freemen, that the mayor and jurats are proceeding to the hall. This custom originated probably in a decree made in 1534, that at a common assembly, when the mayor comes into the hall, a bell at St. Peter's called brandgoose bell shall begin to ring, and continue to be rung for half an hour: and if in that time the jurats, common councilmen, and commoners do not attend, then to be fined, a jurat 4*d.*, common councilman 2*d.*, and a commoner, 1*d.*: and if no excuse can be made for absence, then the fine to be 1*s. 6d.* and 4*d.* respectively. For this and ringing the bell on market day (nine o'clock morn) the sexton is allowed a salary of 4*s.*"

If I recollect right, the curfew rings in Yarmouth, at both church and chapel of ease; at St. Peter's, Norwich; St. Mary-at-the-tower, Ipswich; and several parishes in London; at St. Martin's-le-Grand, a short time since, and probably now. Perhaps some of your Correspondents will inform your readers what *Brandgoose* bell means. I think as it rings at Michaelmas, and *Brand* (which is Norman French) means grey or fair, that it commences at the season of grey goose feasting, a custom invariably attended to here and in Norfolk—to call home the workmen and in Norfolk—to call home the workmen at one o'clock to dinner.

W. W.—x.

LIFE

LIFE, life, life,
O thou art to some
A lengthened day of woe and strife,
A scene of naught but gloom:
A day which dawns all drear,
And passes darkly by,
With scarce one transient moment clear,
From storms and cloudy sky;
And if perchance one rose should spring,
Upon the rugged way,
Or if the "Lark of Hope" should sing,
A song whose sound is gay;
A blast will come all blighting by,
And sweep each charm away.
Life, life, life,
O thou art to some
A sunny scene where pleasures, rife,
With joy and flowers, bloom;
A day which dawns all bright,
And glideth sweetly on,
'Mid smiles, and merry hearts as light,
As dew the flowers upon.
And if perchance one cloud should steal
Athwart the glowing sky,
Or if one pang the heart should feel,
Or tears profane the eye,
A beam of joy will break around,
And every shade will fly.

W. M. TOLKIEN.

THE CRUSADER'S FAREWELL.

FITZ-JAMES was bound for Palestine,
In glittering armour drest;
He was among that gallant band,
The bravest and the best.
And 'gainst the infidel to war,
Fair Palestine to shield,
He left his castled home afar,
And sought the "tented field."

And now the curfew bell had rung,
Its echoes far and wide;
The warden had his bugle hung,
Over the portal wide.
The night-breeze curl'd the deep dark moat,
And swept the woods of green;
The nightingale attuned her note,
In a leafy bower unseen.

And he must on the early morn,
Away to Palestine;
He had his faith to Bertha sworn,
"Farewell, sweet lady mine!"

Then think on me, when far away
Upon the Syrian coast,
And never, never, cease to pray,
For the crusading host.

And when beneath some palm-tree's bough,
My weary limbs I cast,
Memory will picture thee as now,
And bind thine image fast.

And if beneath that fervid sky
My life-blood must be shed,
'Tis in a holy cause I die;—
And peace be with the dead!
Oh! I will wear in danger's hour
Thy 'broidered scarf of blue;
May all heav'n's blessings be thy dower,
Sweet lady mine, adieu!"

Kirkton-Lindsey.

ANNE R.

New Books.

DOMESTIC MANNERS AND SOCIAL CONDITION OF THE WEST INDIES.

[Few books of the day appear to correspond so well with their titles as the work we are about to quote. It is from the pen of Mrs. Carmichael, five years a resident in St. Vincent and Trinidad: every page denotes the advantages of such residence, and, above all, the shrewdness and talent for close observation possessed by the writer. It is, throughout, a picture of every-day life in the West Indies, its white, coloured, and negro population; and minute as are many of the details of the habits of this commingled people, they are sketched so cleverly as never to become tedious. But, a few extracts will best illustrate the merits of this entertaining work.]

House Servants.

There is in every gentleman's family, a man who styles himself Mr. —'s head servant; his duty is merely to see that the boys under him clean the plate, knives and forks, wash the dinner, breakfast, and tea service, &c. He sees them lay the cloth and arrange the table for the different meals of the family; and he stands in the room during dinner, with the air of an emperor, pointing occasionally to the boys what to do, and bestowing abundance of scolding upon them; nor will the repeated entreaties of his master or mistress, to have done teasing the others, and do his own duty, have any effect: scolding he considers his peculiar privilege, and forego this privilege he will not. He at times removes a dish or plate, and places it in the hand of one of the boys; but in general he is a mere cipher, as far as use is concerned, and yet were the boys left without him, you could not get on at all. I attempted this; but such a scene of confusion and anarchy ensued, that I found, from experience, that bad as despotism may be, it is a far less evil than a republic. This head man, or rather gentleman—for he would be highly incensed were he treated without the utmost deference to his rank, is also employed in some families to go to market,—an occupation which he likes; for he makes no small profit by it in various ways, which, however, it is not our business at present to treat of. This is the whole work of a head servant; however, I can assure my readers, that he does groan,

nevertheless, under the oppression of so much exertion; and that nothing short of twelve hours' sleep, and twelve hours' lounging in the twenty-four, will ever make him contented. Some have coloured men as head servants; but whether negro, coloured, slave or free, there is not a perceptible shade of difference in the duty that is performed by them.

The cook is frequently a male, and is also a person of consequence; he has, if the family be large, either a boy or a woman to assist him; he cooks only soups, meat, fish, and vegetables, nor would he submit to the hardship of baking bread, or making pastry, or puddings. The wood used in cookery is cut, and put down for him, and all the water provided; and it is rarely that he will wash or scour the pans, or kitchen utensils,—some younger boy or girl being employed for that purpose.

A West Indian kitchen is so different from an English one, that some description of it may be necessary, to make those who have not seen one comprehend how much less a cook is exposed to the influence of the fire, than in an English one. The floor is either earth, brick, or stone; there are numerous windows, not glazed, but with wooden shutters to fasten down at night, with probably jalousies to exclude the sun and rain—in this way the air is necessarily freely admitted; the chimney is extremely wide, and there is most frequently no grate, but merely a piece of brick-work, about four feet long, and three feet broad, upon which the wood is placed; and they make more or less fire, according to the dinner they have to cook. The face is in this way not exposed to the blaze of the fire nearly so much as in an English kitchen. There is an oven in every kitchen, upon the same principle as a baker's oven;—the wood being put in and burnt down, so that when it is fully heated, it is swept out before the bread or meat is put in. There is no roasting-jack: many gentlemen have attempted to get the negroes to use a jack, but in vain; they must have their own way of it, which is simply accomplished by placing two strong logs of wood on each side the fire, and a strong nail in each log to support the spit, which they employ some of their assistants to turn,—and in this way they send up meat tolerably well roasted; but the oven is often also employed for that purpose. This is, I think, considered the whole duty of a cook, whether male or female.

In many families, a head female servant is employed, to assist the lady in dressing, work with the needle; or bake pastry, make puddings, &c. These are dishes which make their appearance rarely; and a waiting maid considers she does very well if she assists her mistress in dressing, and does about as much work with her needle in one day, as her mis-

tress in one hour,—she has generally a young girl under her, who attends to the bed-chamber, and this is never thoroughly done; yet this is all that is required of them, and indeed it is all they will do. The other servants are employed in cleaning the house; and their number, and particular employments, are wholly dependent upon the family to which they belong; for of course where the family is large, there must be an increase of servants.

The office of a groom ought, one would imagine, to be precisely the same as in England, but that the negro groom makes it a very different office, is no less true. In fact, no horse is brushed or curried, far less, properly fed, unless the master stands by and sees it done: the oats sell well in the market; and besides, the groom can feed his own poultry with the oats; and it need not be said, that he prefers fattening his own fowls to feeding his master's horse.

The domestics who officiate as washer-women, have nothing else to do. With respect to the time which they require for the performance of their labour, I have had trials of many different washerwomen—some slaves and some free—but I never found that fourteen dozen of clothes, such as are commonly used in a family, could be washed and got up from Monday morning to Saturday evening by less than three able bodied women. They never used less, but generally more, than twice the quantity of soap, blue, and starch, required by washerwomen at home; and of all your troublesome establishment, the washerwomen are the most discontented, unmanageable, and idle. It is altogether out of the question even to look for all the articles coming back that went out; and the destruction of clothes and linens, in consequence of their carelessness, is past belief. I have myself in one twelvemonth had six dozen of chamber towels, a bed-quilt, two pairs of sheets, stockings without number, pocket handkerchiefs and petticoats to a considerable amount, lost, or more probably stolen, in this way;—for I knew perfectly, that they were appropriated to their own use, as I not unfrequently detected the articles in their possession after they thought a sufficient length of time had elapsed for me to forget the loss of them. Every thing, as I have said, is ill washed in the West Indies; they smooth down frills and flounces along with the gown, making every article of a lady's dress as stiff as buckram. They insist, whether you will or not, upon rubbing the smoothing iron over with candle-grease, to make it pass, as they say, easily over the linen; and when I absolutely refused giving candle for this purpose, they stole it themselves, and used it in spite of me.

With respect to the number of domestics required in a family,—that necessarily de-

pends upon the number of the family, the style in which they live, and the home they reside in; but a moderate family, who would live genteelly and comfortably in an English city with three maid servants and one man, and the washing put out, would require at least ten grown up servants, and from five to six young people, from ten to seventeen or eighteen years of age; and after all, the house, and general work, would be very indifferently done. This I consider a very fair average; but if the family exceeded five or six, such an establishment would be found insufficient.

St. Vincent.

The houses are built in various ways, some of stone, cemented by mud and white-washed; some are built of wood, while others are wove like basket work,—the interstices being filled up with clay and mud, which, when white-washed, look very nice. They thatch them neatly with migass. They have no chimneys, as they rarely work in doors. As to the size of their house, that is in some measure dependent upon the rank of the negro, and the number in family. Generally speaking, the area of negro houses varies from fifteen feet by twenty, to twenty feet by thirty. Some single men and single women have a house with only one sitting room, and a smaller chamber apart for their bed-room. But head negroes, or families, have always two good rooms, and some have three. They have windows according to the size and number of their rooms, with window shutters to let down at night. All the houses have locks to their doors, which are made of wood by the negroes, and fasten very securely; many, however, supply themselves with padlocks besides. The floor is generally earthen, but the best room is often boarded. Negroes of character and rank,—for I know not how better to express myself, being more civilized, have many articles of furniture. Among others they have bedsteads with mosquito curtains, their bedding being for the most part a bag filled with the dried plantain leaf. This I have myself slept upon, and used in my own family, and have found it a very comfortable bed indeed. They have a bolster and pillows of the same materials; blankets (one Witney blanket is given every year by the master), a good sheet, and very often a nice bed-quilt; the two latter articles are furnished by themselves. A little shelved corner cupboard, displaying many a showy coloured plate, cup, and saucer, is a common piece of furniture; a good table, one or two benches, and some chairs, with a high table to serve as a sideboard, upon which are displayed the tumblers and wine glasses, often a large shade for the candle,—these, with their box of clothes, form the general furniture of a good industrious negro's house, who is probably a head man; for a common field negro, although he can afford all this,

has not in general reached that stage of civilization that engenders the desire of possessing such articles. The cooking utensils are very few and simple, consisting of two or three iron pots, in which the negro makes his soup, stews, &c. A strong wooden pestle and mortar is to be found in all their houses, for beating the boiled plantain down to a mash, a favourite dish they call "*tum-tum*." They cook in a little thatched shed close to their houses, but not attached to them. A hog-sty, and a place for their poultry, which they rear in great quantities, are also adjoining their house. Indeed, the best sort of negroes have their dwellings often extremely neat and clean; many a Scotch cottager might blush to see them.

As soon as a negro girl attains the age of sixteen or seventeen, she probably gets a husband; and the male children perhaps a year or two later, get wives, when of course they have houses of their own; negroes, therefore, never have many children living with them. On occasion of a marriage, it is often necessary to build a house, and there is then usually a merry making; the master or manager deals out rum and sugar to those who have helped to build it, and the new comer frequently gives a supper on the night he takes possession.

The houses of the common field negroes are built exactly of the same materials, and on the same plan with those described; but some few have not three rooms, though most of them have an additional chamber, and a small place where they keep their cooking utensils. In good weather, they all cook in the open air before their house door; and if it be rainy, they kindle a fire in the middle of the room, and the door is left open to make an outlet for the smoke. Many field people have bedsteads, and some have curtains. The plantain leaf bed is general, and blankets are annually provided; some have sheets; but these are luxuries which many of them do not value, and would not use. You may guess almost to a certainty as to the character and degree of civilization of a negro, by the general appearance of his house. A table, chair, and bench, is to be found in every house; also a box, with the inmates' clothes; but those who are idle, lazy, savage, or of bad character (and there are few estates that can boast of having none of that description), are destitute of these comforts.

Fruits.

The West Indian islands differ as to their productiveness in fruit, but generally speaking, there is a great variety of fruits, according to their season; and upon every property the negroes make a considerable sum by the sale of the fruit. The mango is certainly the most abundant. This fruit hangs in such thick clusters, that the produce of one tree is

immense. Of the mango there are many varieties, but the small ones are the best. Some very small, delicate kinds, of a yellow colour, are to be found in the botanic garden at St. Vincent: these are most delicious, though their turpentine flavour is disagreeable to those unused to it. The large kidney-shaped green mango is coarse and full of threads; and I know nothing so perfectly resembling it in taste, as a coarse field carrot, with the addition of a small portion of turpentine and sugar. Mangoes are said to produce leprosy; and I have observed that negroes who eat many of them, are very liable to cutaneous diseases. The alligator pear is a pleasant, wholesome fruit, larger than our largest English pears, with two seeds inside: when ripe it is soft and mellow, and the inside exactly resembles fine yellow butter. It is from this that it is often called subaltern's butter. It is generally eaten for breakfast, either with sugar and lime juice, or with salt and pepper. The negroes are very fond of the alligator pear, and generally call it the zabaca pear. They sell three large ones, when in season, for a penny. The sappadillo tree produces a fruit rather large, but in colour and flavour very like the English medlar. This fruit is not so abundant, and sells for tenpence per dozen, or thereabouts. There are several sorts of plum trees—the Jamaica, the hog plum, and varieties of the Java plum. These fruits are highly astringent; and eaten freely, must be dangerous. During the season they are to be had in abundance, for a mere trifle. The mountain-pear is one of the best, if not the very best fruit of the West Indies. The plant is a cactus, and the negroes have it in their grounds, and sell it often for a penny each. It is in size something similar to a ripe fig; of an olive green and red colour outside, and its inside resembles a mixture of salt and ground pepper, from its numerous small, black seeds. It is always cool, and may be eaten in almost any quantity, without danger. Melons are often raised in negro grounds: they grow without any attention, further than putting the seed in the ground. They are worth from fourpence to eightpence each, according to their size, which is often immense. Pines are every where found on the provision-grounds: they grow like a weed, and the poorer the soil, the better is the pine. I have bought them for a penny, and have also paid for a very large one, out of season, as much as a shilling sterling. Grapes are also found; but they are generally cultivated by the coloured or free negro population. They resemble the large Portugal grape as imported here from Portugal and Spain. They would be of the best quality, were they suffered to remain long enough upon the vine; but the depredation among them, and the injury they sustain from insects, are so great, that they cut the fruit prematurely, and

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the grapes consequently are seldom to be had so good as we find them raised in a hot-house at home. In point of beauty, however, there is no comparison; for the bunches are exceedingly fine, and the grapes of a very large size. About two shillings per pound is the common price. The white muscat of Alexandria, is the common grape; purple ones are very rare indeed.

THE CONVICT.

O WHAT would I not give to see
Those fields, where I in childhood play'd—
Beneath a spreading hawthorn-tree,
Sweet meditation's bower, I strayed.

Musing upon a silver stream
That gently glided by my side,
A mirror to each orient beam—
That darling spot was all my pride.

Then up the hill, or down the vale,
Or o'er the variegated plain,
Where nature's sweets perfum'd the gale,
I've listen'd to the wood-lark's strain.

When echoing from a distant grove,
Stole soft on my earaptur'd ear,
His melody, the voice of love—
I then like him was free from care.

Such charms, alas! from me are flown,
In fetters I am doom'd to pine;
Freedom, dear bird, is all thine own,
For I no more can call it mine.

Gay Spring to thee brings new delights;
But secret sighs will flow from me,
'Till man performs my funeral rites,
And I enjoy Eternity!

From a little volume of pleasing Poems, by James Hipkins.

THE BRIGHT EYES OF BEAUTY.

WHEN the bright eyes of beauty I see faintly
beaming
Through the dim tear of sorrow the fountain of
pain,
Like the sun's brilliant orb thro' the morning-mist
gleaming,
When night's sable curtain withdraws from the
plain,
From the fair face of Heaven the darkest shades
vanish,
Aud gay spring-flowers smile, tho' chill winter has
frown'd—
Can the breast fraught with anguish, all tears and
sighs banish,
If the pure balm of Friendship be shed o'er the
wound?
Ah, cold is the heart, let who'er may possess it,
That would not cheer the soul in affliction's dark
reign,
And soothe the soft bosom that strives to suppress
it,
And restore beauty's eyes to their lustre again.

Ibid.

Useful Arts.

THE SEVRES PORCELAIN MANUFACTORY.

PORCELAIN, the name first applied to the fine earthenwares of China, is of Portuguese origin—from the word *porcellana*, a cup; the Portuguese traders being the first who introduced the beautiful China ware into England. It has been attempted to prove a different origin for the name—attributing

this to the resemblance of the glazing or varnish, and probably the colours, of porcelain to those of the shells used in some parts of the world instead of money, (cowries,) and which, from the similarity of their shape to that of the back of a little pig, were also called *porella*.

The Chinese, who were in former times even more successful than they are at present, in keeping a secret, contrived to conceal all knowledge of the manufacture of porcelain from the other nations of the earth; till, in the beginning of the eighteenth century, a cunning Jesuit, who was residing as a missionary in China, succeeded in eluding the jealous vigilance so generally practised towards strangers in that country, and not only obtained specimens of the earths used in the composition of their porcelain, but also some knowledge of the processes employed in its manufacture. The practical instructions of the cunning father proved, however, of little use; but the earths transmitted by him to France were examined by Reaumur, the celebrated chemist, and he persevered in his investigations with the enthusiasm of a man of science, till he discovered the true nature of porcelain to be a semi-vitrified compound, in which one portion remains infusible at the greatest heat to which it can be exposed, while the other portion vitrifies at that heat, and enveloping the infusible part, produces that smooth, compact, and shining texture, as well as transparency, which are distinctive of true porcelain.* All that was then wanting for the perfect imitation of the admired production was the discovery of materials similar to those received from China, and the search for this object was speedily successful.

The first establishment for the manufacture of porcelain, according to the principles laid down by Reaumur, was formed in the Castle of Vincennes, by its governor, the Marquis de Faloy, in 1738 ; of whom it was purchased by the farmers-general, by whom it was transferred to Sèvres, a small village two leagues to the west of Paris. Here was erected the above spacious edifice, (represented on the next page,) upon the left side of the road from Paris to Versailles, and thither the manufacture was transferred in 1755.

* In his examination of the two porcelain earths received from China, which are called in that country pe-tun-tse and kao-lin, Reaumur made a small cake of each substance, separately, and exposed both to the heat of a porcelain furnace. One, the pe-tun-tse, was fused by this means, without any addition; while the other, kao-lin, gave no sign of fusion. He next intimately compounded the two earths, and found, when the mixture was baked, that it had acquired all the qualities of the finest Chinese ware.—*Cabinet Cyclopaedia*, vol. 26, *Treatise on Porcelain and Glass*.—An incidental discovery of the means of manufacturing porcelain similar to that from China had been made by a German alchemist, and imitated in France, previous to Reaumur's success; the ingenious chemist did not avail himself of such means, but relied on his own researches.



(*The Sèvres Porcelain Manufactory, near Paris.*)

In 1759, Louis XV., at the solicitation of Madame de Pompadour, purchased the manufactory, and, since that period, it has formed part of the domains of the French crown.* It is a handsome building, and contains a museum of a complete collection of foreign china, and the materials used in its fabrication; a collection of the china, earthenware, and pottery of France, and the earth of which they are composed; and an assemblage of models of all the ornamental vases, services, figures, statues, &c., that have been made in the manufactory since its first establishment. Altogether this manufactory is one of the finest of its kind in Europe; and its processes exhibit the union of the fine and useful arts in the most advantageous position. In the library attached, is an assemblage of illustrated works, and a considerable number of statues and busts from the antique, all which must aid the taste of the manufacturers. The

* The manufactory suffered considerably from the Revolution, and was several times about to be dissolved. At length, in 1800, it attracted the attention of the Government; in 1801, M. Brongniart, a distinguished geologist and mineralogist, was appointed director; and to his scientific knowledge the establishment is principally indebted for the celebrity it has acquired since the Revolution.

painters of the establishment are of the first merit, and even the principal masters of the French school do not think it derogatory to their noble art to improve by their occasional suggestions and designs, the embellishment of a coffee-cup or a dinner-plate; neither ought the French artists to consider such assistance a misappropriation of their taste and talents, since Raffael even painted or gave designs for painting in enamel on glazed earthenware; and he, who has produced the most sublime triumphs of painting, deigned also to embellish a china dish! Mr. Brockedon saw a specimen of the latter description about two years since in one of his excursions amongst the Alps.

To the reader entirely unacquainted with the varieties of porcelain, it may be as well to mention that the porcelain of Sèvres is distinguished by its superb, deep blue edge. Mr. A. Aikin, in his ingenious paper on Pottery, in the last volume of the *Transactions of the Society of Arts*, observes, that the manufactory at Sèvres has been for several years in a gradually advancing state, "with regard to the whiteness, compactness, and infusibility of the body, the elegance of the

forms, the brilliancy of the colours, the elaborateness of the drawing, and the superb enrichments of the gilding." These characteristics must be the result of the splendid combination of the fine and useful arts to which we have alluded.* From a glance at the ingenious processes of the manufactory, we learn that—

"The porcelain originally manufactured at Sèvres, called *porcelaine tendre*, was a composition of glass and earths, susceptible of combining by fusion. That now manufactured, called *porcelaine dure*, is formed of *kaolin*, from the quarries near Limoges, alkali, sand, saltpetre, and nitre, to which, when in a state of fusion, clay is added. It requires a great fire to be hardened. What is called *biscuit de Sèvres* is this substance not enamelled. The paintings are executed upon the porcelain after it is hardened, and it then requires only a slight degree of heat to fix the colours and enamel. M. Brongniart, director of the manufactory, has successfully applied the pyrometer to the firing of porcelain after it has been painted. The pyrometer is a kind of steel-yard with a needle placed at the extremity of a bar three feet in length. In the middle of this bar is a tube containing twenty-nine inches of porcelain and seven inches of silver. That end of the bar at which the silver is placed is introduced into the oven in which the porcelain is to be fired, and the heat, by dilating the silver sets the needle in motion by means of a wheel at the extremity of the bar, and this shows the degree of heat required. In firing of porcelain, wood alone is employed. An ingenious method has also been discovered of printing the patterns upon porcelain, by which the execution is more perfect, and it is effected in much less time. The beautiful blue known by the name of *bleu de Sèvres*, the manner of obtaining which was supposed to be entirely lost, has been re-discovered by M. Brongniart, who has likewise applied himself with the greatest care to find out the art by which the beautiful glass in ancient church windows was coloured. His exertions have in some degree been crowned with success. In one of the show-rooms may be seen a beautiful Sappho; and in the museum some other pieces, which, in colour, equal the ancient specimens; except the red, which he has not yet been able to rival.

"The number of workmen exceeds one hundred and fifty. The expenses amount to 220,000 or 250,000 fr. a year, but the receipts are equal. The former are paid by the Civil List, and the latter are paid into the Royal Treasury."

* In this country, the late Mr. Wedgwood accomplished similar improvements in our pottery, though in less costly materials. The forms of Wedgwood's ware, principally from the antique, will, however, for chaste elegance, bear comparison with those of any manufactory in Europe.

This being a royal establishment, all Sèvres porcelain has on its under surface a peculiar initial mark in blue, surmounted with the French crown.

The show-rooms at Sèvres contain an assemblage of costly articles. An exhibition of the finest productions is made annually at the Louvre, in Paris, when the king selects such objects as he thinks proper, for which the price fixed is paid. The inspection of the Sèvres manufactory is one of the *sights* of the environs of Paris, which the tourist may profitably include in his visit to St. Cloud, or Versailles.

The productions of Sèvres have declined in value and beauty since the Revolution; previous to which was manufactured a complete service made for Louis XVI., of which each plate cost 24*l.* In the palace of the Tuilleries there is, or was, a superb vase of Sèvres porcelain, which cost 1,000*l.*

Fine Arts.

CRICKLADE CROSS.



This monumental relic, (which can scarcely, with propriety, be denominated a cross,) stood a few years since at Cricklade, in Wiltshire. It was of stone, and its form has some pretensions to elegance, as its pyramidal shaft, with eight pointed niches supported by cor-

bels; and its apex terminated with a small cross, &c. It presents, in the whole, a pleasing contrast with the rude outlines of some of the cruciform monuments which have, from time to time, ornamented our pages. Relics of this description are becoming rare in places where they were formerly unheeded.

MICHAEL ANGELO'S "LAST JUDGMENT."

The history of this celebrated painting—perhaps the most wonderful specimen of the fresco art in the world—is extremely interesting. It occupies one end of the Sistine Chapel, in the Vatican, at Rome. M. Angelo had already embellished the walls of the chapel with his magic hand, when the Pope, Paul III. "was so anxious to have the benefit of his talents, and yet found him so difficult to be prevailed upon, that he went in person to his house with ten cardinals to beg him to execute a painting of the last judgment. The great master complied, was employed eight years upon the work, and opened it to the public in Christmas, 1542. This end of the chapel was before occupied by three paintings of Pietro Perugino. There is an original letter existing from M. Angelo to Pietro Aretino, the poet, from which we may ascertain the fact, that the design was entirely his own. He says, 'I was delighted and grieved by the receipt of your letter. I was delighted at its coming from you, whose merit is so remarkable; and I was also much grieved, because as I have finished great part of the story, I cannot execute your ideas, which are of such a cast, that if the day of judgment had taken place, and you had actually seen it, your words could not describe it better.' At the end he dissuades him from coming to Rome to see the progress of the painting.

The letter of Aretino is also preserved in the same collection: and the following is that part of it, which contains his ideas upon the subject, which M. Angelo was to represent. It is dated Venice, September 15, 1537. "In my opinion you ought to be satisfied with having surpassed every one else in your other works; but I perceive, that with the termination of the universe, which you are now employed in painting, you think to surpass the commencement of the world,* which you have already painted: that your works surpassed by themselves may give you a triumph over yourself. Who would not be dismayed in applying his pencil to such a terrific subject? I see Antichrist in the middle of the crowd with a semblance, which none but you could conceive. I see the terror in the countenances of the living: I see the symptoms of extinction in the sun, the moon, and the stars. I see fire, and air, and earth, and water, as it were, yielding up their spirit. I see Nature at a distance confounded,

* Alluding to the paintings on the ceiling, finished in 1512.

concentrating her barrenness in the descriptitude of age: I see Time dried up and trembling, who being come to his utmost limit is seated on a withered trunk; and while I perceive the hearts in every breast agitated by the trumpets of the angels, I see Life and Death overwhelmed by the horrible confusion: for the former is labouring to resuscitate the dead, the latter is preparing to overthrow the living. I see Hope and Despair conducting the ranks of the good, and the crowds of the wicked: I see the theatre of clouds coloured by the rays proceeding from the pure fires of heaven, upon which Christ is seated amongst his hosts, surrounded by splendour and by terrors. I see his face glitter; and darting out fiery sparks of a light delightful and terrible; he fills the righteous with joy, the wicked with alarm. Meanwhile I see the ministers of the abyss, who with horrid look, with the glory of saints and martyrs, make game of the Cæsars and the Alexanders, telling them how conquest over self differs from conquest of the world. I see Fame with her crowns and her palms under foot, tossed aside amidst the wheels of her chariots. Finally, I see the great sentence issuing from the mouth of the Son of God. I see it in the form of two rays, one of salvation, and the other of damnation; and as I trace them flying downward, I perceive their fury impinge upon the elemental frame, and with tremendous thunders dissipate and dissolve it. I see the lights of Paradise, and the furnaces of the abyss, dividing the darkness, which has fallen upon the face of the air; so that the thought, which represents to my imagination the destruction of the last day, says to me, If we tremble and are afraid in contemplating the work of Buonarrotti, how shall we tremble and be afraid, when we shall behold ourselves judged by him, who ought to judge us!" The last judgment, impossible as it seems to be conceived by mortal thought, has at least met with two masters, who have placed it sensibly before us, and in some measure brought it down to the level of our imaginations.

After all, we see this sublime work in the most disadvantageous manner: it is now more than two centuries and a half since it was completed, and the action of damp united with the smoke from the incense and the candles has thrown a great obscurity over the whole. In the present age we may perhaps be allowed to regret, that the great masters painted so much in fresco. M. Angelo was accustomed to say, that painting in oils was an occupation for women: so convinced was he of the greater difficulty and merit of executing works in fresco. He confirmed this observation by his practice; and though he unquestionably amused himself occasionally with oils, it is asserted upon the best authority, that there is not one undisputed

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oil-painting of his in existence. Many are exhibited, as laying claim to this honour, which perhaps were executed by his pupils, and may have received some touches from the master himself. Whatever may be the comparative merits of the two arts, we have evidently suffered by fresco painting being preferred: for while we have pictures in oils by Leonardo da Vinci, Raffael, and others contemporary with M. Angelo, the colours of which seem as fresh as when they were first laid on, (and perhaps more pleasing in the effect,) those which were painted upon the wall have in a great part perished, and the rest are daily becoming more indistinct; so that unless this new discovery of detaching frescos from the wall can preserve such works, our descendants will be enabled to judge of these great efforts only by copies and engravings. It might be thought, that the ancients mixed their colours for painting upon plaster better than the moderns, at least that were more durable. Pliny mentions some paintings still existing at Ardea, Cære, and Lanuvium, which were older than the foundation of Rome; and had received little or no injury, though in a ruined building, and exposed to the air. This would give them an antiquity of 800 years and upwards.

[We have abridged these impressive details from the Rev. Mr. Burton's *Description of the Antiquities and Curiosities of Rome*; a work replete with antiquarian and historical research, and artistic knowledge. As a compendium of the treasures of art preserved to this day, in the Eternal City, it is equal, if not preferable, to any other modern work with which we are acquainted.]

The Sketch-Book.

THE DEATH.

On the evening of the 1st of March, 1816, one of his Majesty's vessels employed in the British Channel for the suppression of smuggling, and of which I was then first-lieutenant, was lying safely moored in the snug and beautiful harbour of Dartmouth. We had just put in from a short cruise; and the work of the day being finished, when I received a letter from the captain, informing me that a smuggling vessel was expected on the coast, and directing me to send the second-lieutenant with the galley armed, to look out between Torbay and Dartmouth during the night. I volunteered to undertake his duty on the occasion,—the necessary orders were given. I prepared myself, with the assistance of a suit of "Flushing" over my usual dress of a round jacket and trousers,—no bad representative of the celebrated "Dirk Hatteraick."

The galley was shortly after hauled up alongside, and the arms, bittacle, and other necessary articles being deposited in her, six

seamen, one marine, and myself, took our seats;—the painter was cast off,—and with muffled oars we commenced paddling her out of the harbour, so silently, that not even a ripple was heard under her bows to interrupt the mournful "All's well" of the sentry, as it swept along the glassy surface of the Dart. As the boat slowly increased her distance from the latter vessel, that lay like a seamew on the water,—her rigging, that resembled a spider's web spread between us and heaven,—gradually disappeared: the lights of the near and overhanging houses, for a few short minutes, shone brilliantly between her masts and yards, like winter stars through a leafless tree; but long before the battlements of the romantically-situated church of St. Petrox were distinguishable ahead, naught remained in view astern, save the lofty black land, and glittering lights of the elevated town;—for the poor, little "barkey" had vanished from our sight, never, alas! to be again beheld by the greater part of my ill-fated crew.

Pursuing our course down the harbour, we soon gained the "narrows," and passing almost within oar's length of the rocky point on which stands the hostile-looking church of "Saint Petrox," and the adjoining fortifications, we left the opposite shore, together with the remains of the humble tower, known by the imposing name of Kingsware Castle, on our larboard side, and shortly after reached the wild anchorage called Dartmouth Range. From thence we passed through the Sound that separates the stupendous rock named the Dartmouth Mewstone from the main, and rowing easily alongshore to the eastward, rounded the Berry Head, and entered the beautiful and spacious roadstead called Torbay. On arriving off Brixham, (the spot I considered most likely for the smuggler to attempt,) four of the oars were run across; and, while the major part of the crew dozed on their thwarts, the galley was kept in her position by the two remaining oars; the helmsman and rowers looking out brightly in every direction, and occasionally "laying on their oars" altogether, in order to catch the sound either of the flapping canvass or of the rippling of the water under the bows of the expected vessel, as the darkness of the night rendered it probable our ears might serve us better than our eyes on the occasion.

In this manner we continued some time; and in addition to the coldness of the night, suffered much from passing showers; but as smugglers generally choose dirty weather for their operations, this only increased the probability of a landing being attempted. And after the lapse of some hours, these hopes were for a few seconds elevated to the highest pitch.

We, in order to double the chance of falling in with the expected smuggler, pulled farther out; where, after lying some time, and having

neither observed nor heard anything to excite suspicion, I determined on shaping my course homewards, intending to paddle quietly along-shore, and in the event of reaching Dartmouth Range before daylight, to remain there on the look-out during the remainder of the night: for, as my information did not specify the exact *spot* of the smuggler, my chance, for what I knew to the contrary, was as good at one place as the other. The weather, moreover, looked threatening, and I wished, in case it freshened, to be sufficiently near my vessel to insure my getting on board shortly after daylight. The galley was accordingly pulled towards Berry Head; on reaching which, my fears of a change of weather appeared about to be realized; for, although there was no wind to speak of at the time, yet a very heavy ground-swell seemed to announce that a gale was not far distant.

We had some difficulty in rounding the pitch of the Berry; for (as is almost always the case with headlands) there was rather a heavy sea off it, occasioned by the tide; and we shipped several green seas over the stem head, before we *unfortunately* accomplished our purpose. On our clearing it the sea ran fairer, and the breeze, that had blown in puffs round the head, as if in pity to warn us not to proceed, died away, and left us to our fate. Our situation was, however, melancholy in the extreme, for all was silent around, save the roar of the breakers inside of us. A solitary star only occasionally gleamed between the heavy clouds that sailed past it. The galley rose slowly and mournfully over the mountain-swell, under her muffled oars; and wet, cold, and weary as I was, it required but little stretch of the imagination to metamorphose the black profile of the flat-topped, elevated, and remarkably formed Berry,—edged beneath with a broad belt of foam,—into the white-bordered, sable pall of a gigantic coffin. Indeed, I know not now exactly whether the melancholy catastrophe that shortly after took place gave birth to the idea or not, but it has ever since appeared to me that there was something particularly marked and ominous in our rounding the head. Would to God, for the sake of the unfortunate men then under my command, the warning had been taken!

Following the "lay" of the coast, we continued pulling to the westward, with "death," as Jack would say, "on one side, and no mercy on the other;" for, on our larboard side we saw nothing but a dirty horizon, and in the opposite direction naught presented itself save breakers and an "iron-bound" shore; and even these were occasionally lost sight of, as the boat slowly sank in the deep hollow of the swell that rolled from the south-west.

At about half-past one,—for my watch had

stopped at that time,—we reached the entrance of the sound, that separates the Mewstone from the main. We half threaded the passage; and the "Ay, ay, sir!" of the bowman, to my oft-repeated order of "Keep a good look-out forward!" was still sounding in my ears, when, to my great surprise, the boat struck on something forward, and the bowman at the same moment hastily called out, "There's a rock under the bows, sir!" "Back off all!"—"Jump out, bowman, and shove the boat astern!"—were the orders instantly given. Neither, however, could be obeyed; for the descending swell immediately left the boat suspended by the gripe; and she being of that class appropriately called "DEATHS!" instantly fell on her broadside. The next sea, instead of bearing her up, which would in all probability have been the case had she had any bearings, rushed over the starboard quarter, and with the last words of the order—"Throw the ballast-bags overboard!"—on my lips, she sank under me; while, for a second or two, the men forwards appeared high and dry out of the water. It was but for a second or two! She slipped off the rock—sank—and not a splinter of her was ever again seen, that I know of.

On first feeling the boat sink under me, I of course knew our case was a desperate one; and that (to make use of a sailor's expression,) "it was every man for himself, and God for us all." My first object was to avoid the grasp of my drowning crew; (more particularly that of the unfortunate marine, whom, but a few seconds before, I had observed comfortably nestled, and apparently fast asleep behind me;) therefore, while the poor fellow sprang and clang, instinctively, to that part of the boat that was still above water,—probably with an idea of finding footing on the rock,—I seized the strokesman's oar that lay on the water near me, and giving myself what little impetus my sinking footing would admit of, I struck out over the starboard quarter of the boat, in quite the opposite direction. After a few hasty strokes, I ventured to look behind me to see whether the poor dreaded marine was near me, when a scene presented itself, that may have been the unfortunate lot of many to behold, but that few have lived to describe. The *Death* was gone! The treacherous cause of our misfortune had never shown itself above the water! But, as I rode on the crest of a long, unbroken wave, the sparkling of the sea beneath me, and the wild shrieks that rose from the watery hollow, but too plainly pointed out the fatal spot, and announced that the poor fellows were sinking in each other's convulsive embrace. For a few seconds a sea rose between us and hid the spot from my view; but, on my again getting a glimpse of it, the sparkling of the water was scarcely discernible, and a faint murmur

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only crept along the surface of the leaden wave. Another sea followed! As it rose between me and heaven, I saw on its black outline a hand clutching at the clouds above it,—a faint gurgle followed, the sea rolled sullenly by,—and all was dark and silent around me!

I had just beheld within a few yards of me the dying struggle of—as I then thought—my whole crew; and everything seemed to announce that my own life was prolonged for only a few short minutes; for, allowing I succeeded in reaching the shore, the surf threatened my destruction on the rocks. And, should a miracle enable me to weather that danger, the precipitous coast promised only a more lingering death at a cliff's foot. Notwithstanding all this, however,—thanks to the Almighty!—my presence of mind never for a moment forsook me.

I have already stated, that at my leaving the vessel I had a suit of "Flushing" over my ordinary dress of a jacket and trousers, in addition to which, at the time the boat struck, I was enveloped in a large boat-cloak; the latter I had thrown off my shoulders the instant the danger was apparent; and now that I no longer feared being grappled, my first object was to get rid of the former. I accordingly, with the assistance of the oar, (that supported me while doing so,) stripped off my two jackets and waistcoat; and my two pairs of trousers would have followed also, had I not dreaded the probability of the heavy Flushing getting entangled round my ankles in the first place,—and in the second, considered that both them and my shoes would preserve me from being cut by the rocks, should I succeed in reaching them. Thus lightened, and with the oar held fore-and-aft-wise under my left arm, I struck out boldly for the shore; and after remaining—God only knows how long, in the water—for to me it appeared an age,—I got into the wash of the breakers; and after receiving several heavy blows, and experiencing the good effects of my *Flushing fenders*, I eventually secured a footing, and scrambled up above the break of the waves.

As I lay on the rock panting, breathless, and nearly insensible, the words—"Save me, save me, I'm sinking!" appeared to rise with the spray that flew over me. At first, stupefied with exertion and fatigue as I was, I fancied that the wild shriek that had accompanied the sinking "death" still rang in my ears; till the repeated cry, with the addition of my own name, aroused me from my state of insensibility, and on glancing my eyes towards the surf, I beheld a man struggling hard to gain the shore. Never shall I forget the sensation of that moment! I can compare it to nothing but the effects of the most dreadful nightmare. I would have run any risk to endeavour to save the unfor-

tunate man; but if the simple lifting of a finger could have gained me the Indies—the Indies would have been lost to me, so completely was I riveted to the spot. At this moment, the oar that had saved my life fortunately floated into the exhausted man's hands; and after a hard struggle he appeared to gain a footing;—he lost it!—again he grasped the rock! The next moment saw him floating at some distance in the foam!—once more he approached, and clung to the shore! My anxiety was dreadful!—till rising slowly from the water, and scrambling towards me, the poor fellow's cold embrace informed me I was not the only survivor; while his faltering exclamation of—"The poor fellows are all drowned, sir!" too plainly assured me that we alone were saved!

After a time, we recovered sufficiently to gain the use of our legs; and then, what with stamping on the rock, and flapping our arms across our chests, we contrived to knock a little warmth into ourselves; and that point gained, we commenced our attempt to scale the face of the cliff that hung lowering over our heads. By mutual assistance, and with some difficulty, we succeeded in mounting between twenty or thirty feet; and I had just begun to solace myself with the idea, that the undertaking was not altogether so difficult as from appearances I had been led to suppose it was, when, on reaching out my arms, to catch a fresh hold of the rock before me, I found my eyes had deceived me as to its distance, and falling forwards, I with great difficulty saved myself from pitching headlong into a chasm that yawned beneath me, and through which the sea was dashing violently. In fact, the high land had deceived us. *We were only on a rock!!!*

(To be concluded in our next.)

250.

Manners and Customs.

PUBLIC WALKS.

In Austria and France there is scarcely a single town without a commodious public walk, shaded by trees, and furnished with benches. Throughout Switzerland the same remark applies, and there the situation chosen is frequently very picturesque, and the promenade is kept with that neatness for which the Swiss are remarkable. The most beautiful are the Casinone, on the banks of the Arno, at Florence; the China Walk at Naples, possessing one of the most magnificent views in the world; the promenade below the Strada del Po, at Turin, (whence the Alps, clothed in snow, are seen rising in a vast semicircle to the north and west,) and the terrace commanding the lakes and mountains of Savoy; and Chablais, at Lausanne. But Zurich, Berne, Geneva, Basle, Milan, Parma, Modena, Lucca, Padua, and other Swiss and Italian towns, have each their

public walks and gardens. Many of their walks have been formed and dedicated to the public by the munificence of individuals, and it seems extraordinary that our wealthy and generous nation, where popularity is of value, and leads to power, should be excelled in these respects even by those who care little for the people, and have no part or lot with them.—*Mr. Slaney, M. P.*

SPORTS OF THE ROMAN CIRCUS.

(Abridged from the Rev. Mr. Burton's *Antiquities and Curiosities of Rome*.)

THE exhibition of wild beasts was one of the most popular amusements at Rome. When amphitheatres were introduced, the Circus was not so much used for this purpose as before: but still there were hunts in the Circus till a late period. The number of wild beasts killed upon these occasions is truly wonderful; and if the accounts were not well attested, we might be incredulous as to the possibility of so many being supplied. It was in the course of the second Punic war that wild beasts were first exhibited at all, as before that time there was a decree of the senate, prohibiting the importation of beasts from Africa. At first they were only shown to the people, and not hunted or killed. The earliest account we have of such an exhibition was u. c. 502, when one hundred and forty-two elephants were produced, which were taken in Sicily. Pliny, who gives us this information, tells us, that he could not ascertain whether they were put to death in the Circus, or merely exhibited there. But these animals had been seen in Rome twenty-three years before, in the triumph of M. C. Dentatus over Pyrrhus. The same author says, that lions first appeared in any number u. c. 652: but these probably were not turned loose. In the year 661, Sylla brought forward one hundred, when he was prætor. In the year 696, besides lions, elephants, bears, &c. one hundred and fifty panthers were shown for the first time. When Pompey dedicated his theatre, there was the greatest exhibition of beasts ever known. There were seventeen elephants, six hundred lions, which were killed in the course of five days; four hundred and ten panthers, &c. &c. A rhinoceros also appeared for the first time; a strange beast, called *chaus*, or *cepos*, and a *lupus cervarius* from Gaul. This was u. c. 701. The art of taming these beasts was carried to such perfection, that M. Antony actually yoked them to his carriage. Cæsar, in his third dictatorship, u. c. 708, showed a vast number of wild beasts, among which were four hundred lions and a cameleopard. The latter animal is thus described by Pliny: "The Ethiopians call it *nabis*; in the neck it resembles a horse, in the feet and legs an ox, a camel in the head, and in colour it is

red with white spots." Dio is still more minute; "This animal resembles a camel, except that it has not the same proportion in its limbs: the hind parts are lower, and it rises gradually from the tail; the fore legs also serve to elevate the rest of the body, and its neck is peculiarly high. In colour it is spotted, like a leopard." A tiger was exhibited for the first time at the dedication of the Theatre of Marcellus, u. c. 743. It was kept in a cage. Claudius afterwards showed four together. Titus exhibited five thousand beasts of various kinds in one day. Adrian had one thousand beasts slaughtered on his birthday; and Commodus killed several thousands with his own hand. The emperor Gordian, besides showing one hundred African beasts, and one thousand bears, in one day, devised a spectacle of quite a new kind: he had a temporary wood planted in the Circus, and turned into it two hundred stags, (*cervi palmati*;) thirty wild horses, one hundred wild sheep, ten elks, one hundred Cyprian bulls, three hundred ostriches, thirty wild asses, one hundred and fifty wild boars, two hundred *ibices*, and two hundred deer. He allowed all the people to enter the wood, and take what they pleased. Probus imitated him in his idea of a wood. There were turned in one thousand ostriches, one thousand stags, one thousand boars, one thousand deer, one thousand *ibices*, wild sheep, and other grazing animals, as many as could be fed or found. The people were then let in, and took what they wished. Every reign would furnish us with incredible accounts. We find mention in Pliny of the *boa constrictor*: he gives it the name of *boa*, and tells us that Claudio had one killed in the Vatican Circus, in the inside of which a child was found entire. Suetonius mentions another, which measured fifty cubits in length: but this was exhibited in the Forum. Enough has been stated to show that the ancients had much greater acquaintance with the wild beasts of Asia and Africa than the moderns have. The beasts were made to fight either with one another, or with men. The latter were called *bestiarii*, and occasionally fought without any weapons. Pliny calls them *noxii*, culprits. Means were used to excite the fury of the wild animals by applying fire, and lashing them with whips. The elephants were intoxicated with wine and incense; but Aelian says, that it was not wine from the grape, but a liquor made from rice and reeds. Cloths were used to irritate the lions and bears; and wild boars had a particular objection to white cloths. Balls were also thrown at them to provoke them. Round three sides of the Circus was a stream of water, called *Euripus*, the principal object of which was to prevent the elephants and other beasts from coming to the people.

Besides the battles in which wild beasts

were engaged, there were other sanguinary spectacles, in which gladiators either contended in single combat, or large bodies of horse and foot fought with each other. It appears from the chronicle of Cassiodorus, that athletic games were first exhibited in the year of Rome 567; and Livy tells us the same thing; but by the term *athleta* we are not to understand simply gladiators, for the same author tells us, that they were introduced seventy-eight years before, u. c. 489. The emperor Gordian had sometimes five hundred pairs of gladiators exhibited in one day, and never less than one hundred and fifty. In Caesar's games we find five hundred foot and three hundred horse engaged together; and twenty elephants were also introduced; upon which occasion the *metæ* were removed to give more room. From these two examples we may see in what number human victims were sacrificed, that some great man might be popular, and the Roman rabble amused. In the days of Nero or Elagabalus, a lion or an elephant was surely a much nobler animal than a Roman emperor; and it may be doubted whether a gladiator was not much fitter to govern a nation. Nero was not satisfied with having slaves as gladiators, but he made thirty knights destroy each other in that capacity; and at another time four hundred senators and six hundred knights engaged by his order. We read even of women fighting in the Circus.

The naval engagements were sometimes exhibited in the Circus Maximus, which could easily be filled with water. Some of the emperors erected buildings on purpose, which were called *Naumachiae*. Two of the largest were built by Caesar and Augustus. Suetonius, speaking of the former, says, "A lake was dug in the form of a shell, in which *Biremes*, *Triremes*, and *Quadriremes*, representing the Tyrian and Egyptian fleets, engaged, with a vast number of men on board." It was filled up after Caesar's death. The *Naumachia* of Augustus was on the other side of the Tiber. Caligula constructed one, as did Domitian and others. That of Domitian was on the site of the present *Piazza di Spagna*. Elagabalus upon one occasion filled the Euphrates with wine, and had naval exhibitions performed in it.

Stage-plays were but seldom represented in the Circus. That they were so occasionally, we learn from Suetonius, who says, that Augustus had them exhibited there.

Arnobius speaking of the general passion for these spectacles complains, that the Priests, the Pontifex Maximus, the Augurs, and even the Vestal Virgins, were in the habit of attending. The eagerness with which all parties flocked to the games, is almost incredible. The passage just quoted from Suetonius proves what it was in the time of Caligula;

and Ammianus, who wrote in the fourth century, gives the following lively description of it in his days. "The people spend all their earnings in drinking and gaming, in spectacles, amusements, and shows. The Circus Maximus is their temple, their dwelling-house, their public meeting, and all their hopes. In the *fora*, the streets, and the squares, multitudes assemble together and dispute, some defending one thing and some another. The oldest take the privilege of their age, and cry out in the temples and *fora*, that the Republic must fall, if in the approaching games the person whom they support does not win the prize, and first pass the goal. When the wished-for day of the equestrian games arrives, before sun-rise all run headlong to the spot, passing in swiftness the chariots that are to run; upon the success of which their wishes are so divided, that many pass the night without sleep." Lactantius confirms this account, and says, that the people often quarrelled and fought from their great eagerness.

These descriptions would be applicable to the Roman people at any period, from the age of Julius Caesar to the time in which they were written. Pliny makes the Circus Maximus capable of containing 260,000 persons, in which Sextus Rufus agrees with him. Publius Victor estimates the number at 385,000. When the different amusements of the Circus ceased, it would not be easy exactly to define. There is no mention of processions or naumachiae after the time of Constantine. We know that he forbade the combats of gladiators: but the custom must have been afterwards revived, as Honorius found it necessary to prohibit the combats of gladiators by a special edict. This was about the beginning of the fifth century. The combats of men and beasts seem to have lasted till Justinian's days: but Procopius, speaking of a Circus near the Vatican, mentions it as a place then in disuse, in which he says, formerly single combats were exhibited. This was about the year 546. It is certain that such bloody spectacles existed in the time of Theodosius, about A.D. 500, for we have in Cassiodorus a letter from that king to the consul Maximus, in which he gives an interesting account of them, while he reprobates the custom extremely. It is probable, that the chariot and horse-races continued much longer: the Hippodrome at Constantinople was certainly employed for this purpose at the time the Venetians took it in 1204.

Anecdote Gallery.

GLUCK AND PICCINI.

The first opera Gluck composed for the French theatre was the *Iphigenie en Aulide*

of Racine. He was a whole year in writing the music, studying, during that time, the French language with the utmost care, and endeavouring to build upon its flexible rhythm the melodies of Germany and Italy. In this he was completely successful; but he encountered great opposition from the French musicians and amateurs, who all rose up in arms against the attempt to adapt the strains of their celebrated poet to foreign music. The composer, however, was patronized by the unfortunate Marie Antoinette, who had been his pupil in Germany; and his opera, as well as several subsequent ones, were received with enthusiasm. The French were now in raptures with the man whom, a short time before, they would have gladly banished from the kingdom; they said he had discovered the ancient music of the Greeks; and that he was the only musician in Europe who knew how to express the real language of the passions. He was at the zenith of his fame when, in 1776, Piccini arrived. His style was essentially different from that of Gluck; his operas, though possessing many beauties, brilliant melodies, and passages of great elegance and pathos, were deficient in that unity which Gluck made his particular study. Many of the volatile French espoused the cause of the Neapolitan, and a musical war commenced, which lasted several years, being carried on with the usual artillery of pamphlets, epigrams, lampoons, &c. The young were chiefly for Piccini, the old for Gluck. And so zealously was the contest conducted, that no door was opened to a stranger without the question being put to him, "Are you a Piccinist or a Gluckist?" At length the public got tired of the dispute, and terminated it in the only way in which it ought to have been terminated, by dividing the palm between them. W. G. C.

REFRACTORY CANTATRICE.

Gabrielli, who was the idol of the Palermatins, one evening, on which a new opera was to be performed, sent word, just as the orchestra was about to begin, the house being crowded, and the viceroy and court present, that she had a headache, and could not perform. Every endeavour of the manager to induce her to fulfil her duty, only rendered her the more obstinate; and even the threat of a dungeon, from the viceroy, had no effect. At length, after exhausting every other method to restore her to reason, a guard seized and conducted her to prison. She told the captain of the guard, with the greatest *sang froid*, "Your viceroy may make me cry, but he shall not make me sing." After remaining two days in confinement, she was released. But while, in prison, she feasted the prisoners sumptuously, and on her departure, distributed a large sum amongst the poorer class of them. W. G. C.

The Gatherer.

Admiral Benbow.—The following lines were cut with a diamond on a square of glass, by Admiral Benbow, in a window of one of the bed-rooms belonging to the house in which the gallant Admiral was born, at Cotton Hill, Shrewsbury:

" Then only breathe one prayer for me
That far away, where'er I go,
The heart that would have bled for thee
May feel through life no other woe.
I shall look back, when on the main
Back to my native isle;
And almost think I hear again
That voice, and view that smile."

Underneath has been added:

" Thou go, and round that head, like banners in the
air
Shall float full many a loving hope, and many a
tender prayer.

Beauty.—Beauty is, after all, a mere matter of opinion; and the utility of the object to which the term is applied, often constitutes with the applicant, its propriety. Having always esteemed the landscape, visible from a favourite shrubbery walk, as really *beautiful*, I was one day, this summer, annoyed to find it hidden by some linen hung out to dry in the nearest intervening field, and which, internally, I determined was the *ugliest* object ever presented to human eyes; but I was ere long led to think differently, and to meditate on the different conceptions and standards of beauty, entertained by individuals, according to the various influences of birth, education, profession, and circumstances, by the simple incident of a maid servant entering the walk to deliver a message to me, and exclaiming—"How *beautiful* that linen looks! did you ever see, Miss, a finer sight?" "So then," I thought, "that has *beauty* to her, which is positively *ugly* to me; the application is general, and the inference obvious; wherefore, I will murmur no more." M. L. B.

The heavens themselves run continually round; the world is never still; the sun travels to the east and to the west; the moon is ever changing in its course; the stars and planets have their constant motions; the air we breathe is continually agitated by the wind, and the waters never cease to ebb and flow; doubtless for the purpose of their conservation, to teach us that we should ever be in action.—*Burton.*

The Kit-Cat Club.—The portraits of the members are now in the possession of William Baker, Esq. of Bayfordbury. J. W. M.

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